MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

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Selected Poetry.

SHANGHAI HEN LINDEN.

A serio-tragic poem relating to Ho Hen Linden. Sacred to the memory of its Hero, whom may the fates speedily transfer to immortality:

DEDICATED TO MRS I. GROCER.

And generally supposed to be written by

THE AUTHOR.

"Delenda est Carthago."

In Sing Sing when the sun was low,
Not many hundred years ago,
A mighty Shanghai's awful crow,
Broke on the deep tranquility.

But Sing Sing saw another sight,
When the rooster rose at dead of night,
To exterminate in deadly fight,
His long leg'd Shanghai majesty.

Then rushed the battle's dreadful tide—
Then flew the feathers far and wide—
But louder than all else beside
The Shanghai crowed triumphantly.

In gown and night cap all arrayed,
The neighborhood awoke dismayed,
Cursed the unusual serenade
In terms of great severity.

Each sleeper started from his bed,
And wished the noisy rascal dead,
And muttered vengeance on his head
With deep heartfelt sincerity.

The combat deepens! On ye brave!
Devote that Shanghai to the grave!
Wave, roosters, all thy feathers wave!
And crow with all thy devilry!

The battle's ended. Now once more
The neighbors slumber as before,
And thanks arise to heaven o'er
The downfall of the enemy.

'Tis morn—but scarce the lark's high note
O'er hill and dale begins to float,
Ere that infernal Shanghai's throat
Pours forth its dread artillery.

But longer yet those legs will grow,
If fate lays not the monster low,
And louder yet the wretch will crow,
Unless death seals his destiny.

Ah! few would mourn, nor many weep,
If some dark hole's secure retreat,
About two hundred fathoms deep,
Would be that Shanghai's sepulcher.

THE OLD PASTOR.

He was an old man. A very old man. Not that he had added up so many years. Not that so many winters and summers had passed over him—not that he seen so many changing suns, and winter constellations. For it has been often said, until it has become a trite saying, that time in the life of man is not to be measured by the dial, or by events out of his own immediate experience. From very childhood he counts on days as the dates of joys and sorrows, and eagerly hastens forward or shrinks back from a coming hour.

Doctor Winslow had been an old man ever since I had known him, and that is more years than I will here acknowledge. Older men than I have said the same thing; and I have sometimes puzzled myself with the effort to add up the years of his life and give the sum of them. That he was over eighty, there can be no doubt; and yet his voice was clear, his eyes were not in any manner dimmed—his whole aspect, except at particular times, was that of a stout, strong man.

He was of medium heighth for a man—not tall, nor yet short, not thin nor yet very heavy, not quick in his movements, nor was he feeble or slow. He was very deliberate in all that he said and did, with only one exception, which was this:

When in the pulpit on Sunday he was a different man from any other day. Then all was activity, eloquence, fervor. His whole soul was in the work of the day, and he looked like a different being. He read the morning chapter with a full, sonorous voice. He gave out the psalms, and he sang them too, with fervor. But when he opened his Bible and lifted his eyes for a moment for help from Heaven, and then proceeded to expound the passage he had selected, he warmed up, and his words glowed, and his hearers were carried away with his simple, fervid, and yet grand utterance.

His parsonage, (it was his own; the church built him one, but he used his own house) was the perfection of simple comfort. His library, it was a luxury to enter. All the fathers looked out from oak shelves, and all the learning of all ages was there with him. Many a rare old volume that it would please an antiquary or a book collector to pay a small fortune for, was there, in the quiet and unpretending collection of the village pastor. He had no mania for old books, but he loved them, and he loved to take one in hand that he had never saw before, and sit down for an hour and talk with the author, long since dead and forgotten.

But the social qualities of the Doctor were his most winning. Where he received his doctorate I did not for a long time know, as there was no manifest inducement to any college to confer it; for there was no money, and there were no students likely to come from our village, and we all know that one or the other of these expectations is ordinarily necessary to lead a college board to confer a degree. But I learned, at length, that it was one of the oldest institutions in the country, which, for once, was led to honor talent and learning, and thus astonished the pastor in his quiet village home with the official letter that announced to him that they had seen fit to recommend him to the world as fitted to teach the mysteries of sacred theology.

But in the library every person in his congregation loved to pass an hour with the clergyman; old and young alike found him their companion and friend. I think he best liked the presence of the young; and he would sit for hours among them, telling quaint old stories, or personal recollections, or curious things he had picked up in his reading, and they never tired of listening to him.

He was a widower, but no one knew his wife. He had been the pastor of that church for forty years, but no one had ever heard him name her. He came there a man of middle age. They asked him if he were married, and he replied that he was a widower. That was the only time it was ever spoken of. He had ministered to them for a long time; he had baptized their children and buried their fathers; he had married their young maidens, had counseled their erring sons, had been father, brother, friend, in joy and and sorrow; had been the constant, steadfast visitor in days of affliction; had watched with them many nights of agony; had pointed them often to the far off heaven, where alone there was rest and peace for even the dwellers of that peaceful village, and yet no one had penetrated the old man's soul or knew from what fountain in his own breast he drew those consolations which experience alone can supply.

Men laugh at love. Men sneer at human affection. Well, let them laugh, let them sneer. There are hours in the experience of every man, when he longs for the infolding of a woman's arms, for the kisses of a woman's lips, for the soothing of a woman's voice, with unutterable longings. Wait for that hour. Do not attempt to argue with the poor fool of the world, who, in his ignorance of bliss, denies its existence.

It is not necessary to relate the manner in which I became acquainted with the early history of Doctor Philip Winslow. The old man, I think, never knew that I had heard it; and after I had become acquainted with it, I could appreciate a great many quiet things that he said, and many more that he did.

I could understand his long evenings in the still moonlight, his lonesome walks along the banks of the river, his smiles while he sat thinking, his pauses in prayer when he spoke of reunions of the other world. Doubtless the starlight of his young love had been steadfastly shining through all the twilight years of his life.

The first passage in his early life that I shall refer to is a letter.

'Never again, Philip, never again. My hand does not tremble as I write it, my heart does not beat one pulsation faster for this last letter. Although this is the end of many pleasant hopes, many brilliant anticipations, yet I am very calm in saying that it must be the end. I do not love you. That is all the story. Do not seek to change my resolution. You will fail, and but increase the pain of this final separation. So good-bye, now forever, Philip Winslow, think no more of Mary Pierson."

He read it over a second time, but it was the same cool, deliberate, final answer.—He studied to extract, if it were possible, some other meaning out of the brief sentences. But he failed in that. He examined the writing to see if there might not be some hesitation in the penmanship, some indication of vacillating thought, uncertain decision, but he found nothing of the sort; every letter was the familiar, firm hand that he knew of old—every curve was regular, every dot and cross was in its proper place.

There was one word on which he paused long. It was the word 'pain.' What did she mean by that? Was it of herself she spoke or of him? Was it painful to her thus to dimiss him, because she thought he would suffer, and she did not wish to give pain even to a worm; or was there no such feeling whatever, but only the conviction that he would suffer, and no care on her part whether he did or not?

Whatever it was, it was vain for him to seek any evidence of a willingness on the part of Mary Pierson to be sued for any change of purpose. He knew her heart—the inheritance from a stern old father of revolutionary times, which was as firm as a rock in its determinations—and he yielded, though it was like yielding life-blood to the knife, for she was of noble nature, and one from whom it was terrible to part.

For fifteen years he had loved her with abounding love. They were children together, had grown up together, had—he believed it in his heart of hearts—loved each other all that time. Not all her asseverations could convince him that she had not loved him for those years; and on calm reflection he was satisfied even now, that she did not know herself, and that she loved him now. He even smiled now when he read her letter again, and saw how coolly she said she did not love him. His smile became bitter when he reflected that she was just as determined, and that even a knowledge of her own heart would never serve to effect a change of resolution in that stern woman. I have used the expression 'stern woman,' for though exceedingly beautiful, and young almost to girlhood, yet she had all the dignity and severity of a full grown and experienced womanhood. It was the peculiarity of her nature which distinguished her from all others and none knew it better than he.

She was the daughter of an old soldier, and was educated to old ideas and old ways. Born of a wealthy and honored family, she was the admiration of the country, but she was not the admiration of the young men in the country. She was too cold, too far above them, too distant, and unapproachable. She never mingled in their merry-makings, never danced at their balls, seldom joined their winter assemblies. She lived constantly with her father, surrounded by books and music, in the old house among the pines, taking her daily ride on horseback, accompanied by an old servant when Philip Winslow was at college, or by Philip when he was at home, and seeing only so much company as formality required. She was one who, while living in a busy, active world, was actually a denizen of another life, and was no more one of us than the inhabitant of a star might be supposed to be.

She was a strange person altogether, and yet very lovely. Her soul was full of fresh outgushing feelings that she did not seek to restrain. Had you seen her in company, in her own drawing-room receiving her guests at the hour of morning calls, or in the evening among the gay, most splendidly attired, sweeping through the crowd with all the majesty of a queen, you would have said she was a cold, haughty beauty, the creature of fashion and society, the automaton of the stiffest rules of social life. But had you seen her by the fire of the library in the old place, when Philip Winslow sat by her side and her father dozed in his large chair, with his claret bottle close to his hand, you would have called her the impersonation of mirth and loveliness, of ease and gentle beauty.

But she dismissed Philip Winslow. And why?

She said it was because she did not love him.

He said it was because she did not know herself. It happened on this wise:

There was a dinner party at the old place, known to the country, from the grove in which the house stood, as 'The Pines.'—The Colonel's dinner invitations were by no means to be declined. He did, it is true, invite a large majority of bachelors, and there was danger of a serious headache the next morning to any one who did not follow Mary very early from the dining room; but the Colonel's *enisine* was perfect and his cellar had warm spots to ripen the Lafitte, and cool spots to make the Chambertin delicious, and withal there was always wit, intelligence and humor at his table; and, above all, there was a beauty at its head, that men might go across oceans but once to look at, and be satisfied.

After one of these dinner parties, when Mary had left very early, and the gentlemen were at the table still, Philip Winslow followed her up the staircase, and when she was in the drawing room, and before she had rung for lights, he was at her side and led her to a window, in the deep seat of which he placed her and took his place at her side.

'Mary, I wished to see you to-night before that crowd of fools comes up.'

'You are complimentary to our guests.'

'I hav 'nt time to talk of that. I am going away to-morrow, or the next day, to be gone one, two or three years. I know not how long. I cannot go without—without—without—'

'Without what, Philip?'

'We have been friends very long, Mary.'

'Many years.'

'Can we ever be more than friends?'

She looked into his face. It was very dark; but his eyes were fixed on hers. She knew that. He was close by her. She felt his head bend down to hers. His cheek touched her cheek. He had touched it a thousand times before just so, but she never before trembled as she did now. She was silent; his arm stole slowly around her, and yet she was silent; he drew her to his side, he kissed her forehead, her cheek, her lips, but she did not kiss him or notice it all.

She was thinking—a flood of thought was pouring through her soul. It might have been one, two, three minutes, or not so many seconds, while they sat thus, and then a servant's step on the stair aroused them, and so they separated.

Neither was satisfied. He knew her too well to suppose she was conscious of his caresses, and she, though she remembered them, was unable to satisfy herself that she loved him or should longer permit them.

He did not go the next day. They rode together as usual, and he renewed the conversation. She was prepared for it.

In vain did he argue, and beseech, and implore. Her mind was fixed, she did not love him except as the dear friend of many years. She would be kind to him and would love him, just the same always, but he must not ask for anything more.

That evening he wrote to her a long, mad letter, full of all his love, and ended all with saying that he could not be her friend; he must be her husband, or never see her again on this earth. There was no other future for him, and he left her to pronounce the decree of their eternal separation.

And it came in the letter from which I have given the extract.

He was the son of the village clergyman—a poor man, but one of the excellent of the earth, and the fast friend of Colonel Pierson from youth. Some said they were natives of the same village on Long Island, and they certainly had been boys together at school. Philip had no prospects but his intellect, and no future except such as he was to carve out for himself.

The Colonel had never viewed his intimacy with Mary with any dislike, and it would have been the pleasantest day of his life, that on which he should give his daughter to the son of his friend.

But—be it said without reproaching her, and let no one form an evil opinion of her for it—there was in the heart of Mary Pierson a great ambition, which she had never confessed to herself, and none else ever dreamed of. In her silent hours of thought she was given to building castles in the air, such as few maidens build. It was not of beauty and its power, or of the homage it could command, that she dreamed. It was not of wealth and magnificence, nor of any of the ordinary limits of female desire.—But she looked to the power of a queen.—She was not content with the life of a loving woman, reigning in one heart and one circle, nor yet with the realm of beauty and wealth, which were all her own. But secretly, unknown even to herself, she was filling her brain with pictures of the most unsubstantial sort, and wasting the present and its joys in fancies about what could never be realized.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that she indulged herself in any fixed plans or thoughts of such a future. I wish distinctly to explain that all these thoughts were but unbidden fancies, which had their day and vanished, to be succeeded by others as wild and unreal, and that she let them come. Her error was in not forbidding them. Many who read this will understand what I mean, and how with all these strange fancies forming the under-current of her thoughts and life, she was nevertheless a very gentle, very lovely woman.

But she rejected Philip Winslow, and it was because she thought she did not love him. She would not have believed any one who told her that she had looked on her love for him calmly and steadily, and weighed it in her secret soul against those wild fancies and ambitious views; and yet she did just so, and she could not strive as she would, she could not believe that she loved him well enough to be his humble wife.

For to-day, for to-morrow, for this little while just before her it would be delicious. She almost sprang into his arms as she thought of it. But after that, and for a long life—just the calm, steadfast life of his wife and nothing more—she could not believe that was her destiny.

But enough with motives and let us proceed with our story.

The week after that letter was written Philip Winslow was on the sea. Here are extracts from two letters, written a year later:

'Has a year produced any change? It is vain to conceal the simple truth from you, Mary, that I am miserable lonesome without the hope of your love, and I do not see before me one spot so bright as the light that shines through my grave. I have believed that you loved me. I have convinced myself that I cannot be mistaken. I have hoped against all your calm assurances.—And now, once more, and for the last time, I come and ask for love. Give! give! or I perish!'

Her reply:

'I said forever Philip, and it must be so. You are right in believing that I love you. I was wrong in saying that I did not love you. But I do not love you as you wish. We can never be more than friends. Forgive me, Philip, if I sadden you again.—You would not let it rest as it was. It must ever be so. Seek no further to change me; look for no change in me. I have searched my heart through for you, carefully, faithfully. I have removed myself out of myself for the sake of looking at my soul, and Philip, it must be; it must be! I do not even weep on this page in writing it, so cold am I in all this. And when I know that pain is wringing your heart, my own beats steadily as before. God keep you, Philip. Good bye.'

Let us pass over a space of six years that followed the date of the last letter.

It is the afternoon of an August Sunday in one of the most quiet, and retired portions of ——— County, among the Highlands. The day had been oppressively warm, and the air is sultry, giving indications of the coming of thunderstorms.

The little church of ——— stood at the very entrance of the mountain glen, where the brook, after dashing down rocks for half a mile, flows peacefully out into the meadow lands.

The church stands among trees, which shade the peaceful graves that are around it, and which darken the windows even at mid-day, so thick and heavy is their foliage. The building itself is old. The oak timbers that were never covered nor painted, are somewhat worm-eaten, but very curious and ancient in appearance, and the entire aspect of the interior of the church is that of old times.

In one of the large square pews, around which are curtains that exclude the vision of neighbors and even of the clergyman himself, two ladies, strangers in the village sitting with bowed heads, waiting the commencement of the afternoon service. The village has been not unfrequently the resort of invalids from the city, and one of these ladies is of this class. The other her niece, a young and very beautiful woman, in the perfection of health, has accompanied her for the sake of companionship.

There was a srtange fascination to the younger lady in the voice of the clergyman. It was singularly musical in the ears of the stranger, but to her there was something more than she could describe in its power. At the first sound of his voice she sprang from her seat and looked toward him. But the obscurity of the coming storm darkened the church, and she sought in vain to recognise his features. It was a familiar voice, and yet she could not place it. She had heard one like it. The service proceeded, and she sat in the corner of the pew and buried her face in her hands, and seemed to be sleeping.

But she was not sleeping. There was a tempest in the mind of the proud and elegant lady sitting in the little up-country church, her face hidden from her companion.

The sermon was on the pomp and vanity of the world. It was strange to hear the young clergyman preaching on such a subject to his little congregation in that retired village. What temptations had the world to such villagers and livers among the hills. If they ascended the highest peak of the mountains, they could but dimly discern the smoke of a large town. But few of their young people had ever seen it. And yet the temptations of the world had entered that hamlet, and the clergyman was as eloquent to them in simple, strong language, as was the great Augustine in his denunciations of sin.

After the service was out, the ladies left their pew, and stood for a few moments with their veils drawn over their faces, while the congregation passed out.

And then the clergyman came down the aisle, and as he passed the first pew he opened it, and a young, slender, but very beautiful lady took his arm and walked slowly with him, leaning heavily on him for support.

They passed the door where the ladies stood, and he bowed politely. The elder lady returned the bow. The younger lady looked steadfastly in the face of the lady on his arm, and when she had passed, turned rapidly to her aunt and said: 'Ask some one who that lady is.'

The question was put to a parishoner, who replied, wondering that any body could be so ignorant, 'It is Mrs. Winslow; the minister's wife.'

'She is ill.'

'Yes, ma'am—yes—she is dying, poor lady!'

'Dying! and wit'n what?'

'Consumption, ma'am. They have only been married a few weeks. She is the daughter of Mr. Green, the richest man in the country.'

So Mary Pierson learned that Phillip Winslow was married. But she did not learn all that day. The landlady of the village inn was communicative at the table on Monday morning and what with her story, and Mary's knowledge of his character, she learned the true history well enough to satisfy herself. We who know more of it can relate it briefly.

He had been the constant visitor at the house of Mr. Green, ever welcome, and especially to Susan, the only child of the house, a flower of rare grace, beauty and delicacy. I shall not pause to relate the growth of her love for Mr. Winslow or its purity and strength. He did not dream of it till it was too late. Then he awoke to the startling fact that his long evenings at the hall, his brilliant wit, his love of all the beautiful, his admiration of certain books and certain kinds of thought, his walks and talks, had won the love of this fragile child whose days on earth were manifestly almost numbered.

And now came a fierce struggle in his mind as to what was the course of duty under these circumstances. She was beautiful and very lovely, but did he love her? No, he did not. Could he love her? Doubtless yes. Her father had evidently seen all and was willing that it should be so. Her brief life might have this one bright day of sunshine; this one hour of gladness; and then all would be over. He would give all he had to buy her life; but since that might not be, he would buy her happiness while she lived at any price. And the young clergyman saw all this, and then came across his memory the splendid beauty of Mary Pierson, the magnificent dream of his younger days, and it fought with him, but he conquered it.

None but he who has once experienced it knows the tremendous power of a memory. It takes entire possession of the soul like a storm, sweeping over all that has grown there and taken deep root—all the flowers that have been cherished, all the great trees that have grown up in strength, all the webs of fancy that hang here there covered with dewdrops.

And to oppose and overcome such a power is a victory that a strong man may be proud of. Such he achieved, and there was a calm after the storm.

Dead peace was in the house and heart of the clergyman after he had married his young wife, and peace, like a river, flowed through her soul.

She was fainting, falling out of a beautiful world, in which she had found nothing but joy till now. All her life long she had been the child of ease, pleasure and luxury. No wish had been denied. All that she wanted, she had, and when it became evident to her unwilling reason that the end was come, it was hard, very hard. But love was now made perfect in enjoyment, and she lay calmly on her husband's breast for the few weeks that were to intervene between the blessed moment when she called him her own; and that moment when she must give away everything, even his hand, his arm, his love; no, not his love, she would take that to heaven with her; to make it even more glad and hopeful there.

And he was happy, perfectly happy.—There was no shadow on his heart. More and more each day he grew to her, and as he so increased in his love for her, there did begin to come over him a dark cloud. He looked to her death with more and more fear, and sorrow, and apprehension. Perhaps it was selfish. Perhaps he felt that he should again be delivered over to the terrible power of that memory that he had once so well conquered. Perhaps he did not love his wife with a single love, and therefore he shrank more and more from the moment of parting.

Whatever it was, it grew on him, and he looked fondly on her face and forgot all the past in her presence, that became more holy as she approached the hour when she should be an angel. And he did not know that Sunday afternoon that the little church contained within it all the hopes of his life, all his means, all that he had valued in boyhood or in the maturer affections of manhood.

A year after Phillip Winslow stood by the bedside of his dying wife. Her black eyes, overflowing with love of him and hope of heaven, were fixed with unutterable joy on his calm countenance. Her white hand, white and thin as the hand that the phantom of a dream waves at us, lay in his calmly, confidingly.

'Phillip, my husband, say once more that we shall meet again.'

'We shall, dear wife, we shall! thank God that he has promised us that.'

'Oh, Phillip! I will wait for you in the happiest valley of that happy country. Do you love me; Phillip?'

'Dear wife!'

'May God reward you for your love. I have not been worth it, but oh, how you have blessed me with it! It has been the breath of heaven over me even here.'

'A letter for you, sir.'

It was a servant entering the room with a light step, who handed it to him. He glanced at direction, and a sharp pang shot through his frame, and a visible pallor was on his face. He turned from the bedside, grasping it convulsively in his hand, and staggered rather than walked towards the window where the last rays of the sunshine were streaming in through the half-closed shutters. He looked at it again, and sat down feebly, as if in pain.

Again the tempest was up. Again the wild floods were over his soul.

Stern and terrible was the resistance he offered, but it would have been all in vain, had not the voice of his wife come to his aid.

'Phillip, Phillip, come to me!'

He knew not out of what remote distance what far off wandering she was calling him.

(Concluded on fourth page.)